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COMICS GROUP
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CHILLING...WEIRD...SPINE-TINGLING!

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SEPT.-
OCT.

SKELETON HAND

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

10¢

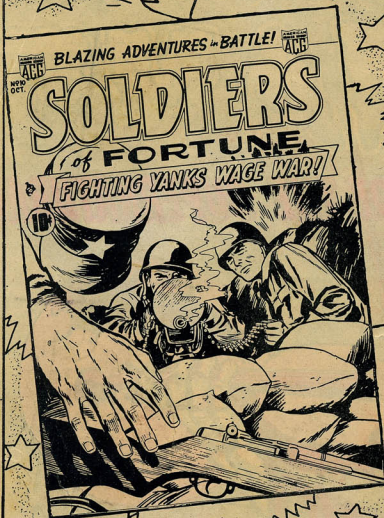


BOB



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Through *the most* **THESE PAGES PASS**
RED-BLOODED ADVENTURERS
of HISTORY!



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comics magazine
that's got America
cheering!*

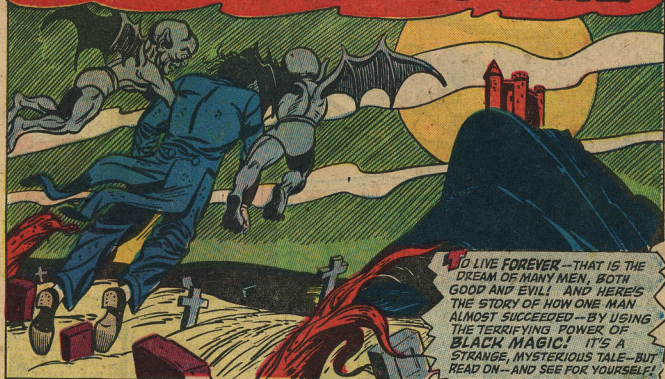
HERE'S A COMIC THAT'S
AS **DIFFERENT** AS IT'S
NEW... AS **THRILLING** AS
IT'S **CAPTIVATING**! FIGHTING
FRONT THRILLS-- CHOCKFUL
OF **BLAZING, COLORFUL ACTION**
...AND JAMMED FROM COVER
TO COVER WITH **TINGLING**
HIGH ADVENTURE! MEET
ROMANCE, GLAMOR, EX-
CITEMENT... AS THROUGH
ITS **GASP-LADEN PAGES**
STALK **SWASHBUCKLING**
PIRATES, RECKLESS
ADVENTURERS, DARE-
DEVIL SOLDIERS OF
FORTUNE! ALL IN THIS
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MAGAZINE YOU CAN'T
AFFORD TO MISS...

*The greatest, most challenging
comic ever published!*

Soldiers
of FORTUNE

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS!

DEATHLESS MORTAL



TO LIVE FOREVER--THAT IS THE DREAM OF MANY MEN, BOTH GOOD AND EVIL! AND HERE'S THE STORY OF HOW ONE MAN ALMOST SUCCEEDED--BY USING THE TERRIFYING POWER OF BLACK MAGIC! IT'S A STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS TALE--BUT READ ON--AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!



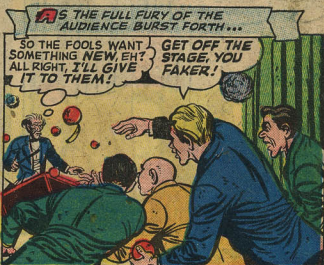
ON THE STAGE OF A SMALL THEATRE--

LOOKS LIKE LARGO THE MAGICIAN IS ABOUT WASHED UP, JED!

YEAH--LISTEN TO THAT AUDIENCE BOO THE OLD GUY!

OLD STUFF! GIVE US SOMETHING NEW!

BOO!



AS THE FULL FURY OF THE AUDIENCE BURST FORTH...

SO THE FOOLS WANT SOMETHING NEW, EH? ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE IT TO THEM!

GET OFF THE STAGE, YOU FAKER!



THERE WAS A VIBRANT RING IN THE OLD MAGICIAN'S VOICE AS HE SHOUTED FOR SILENCE...

MY FRIENDS--WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN WAS JUST THE INTRODUCTION TO A MOST AMAZING ILLUSION! PREPARE NOW TO WITNESS LARGO'S GREATEST FEAT OF MAGIC!

THE AUDIENCE WAS SHOCKED INTO SILENCE BY THE UNEARTHLY LIGHT IN LARGO'S EYES--BY THE EERIE TONE OF HIS WORDS!

ARISE, YE SPIRITS OF THE EVIL OLD--I COMMAND THEE--COME FORTH!



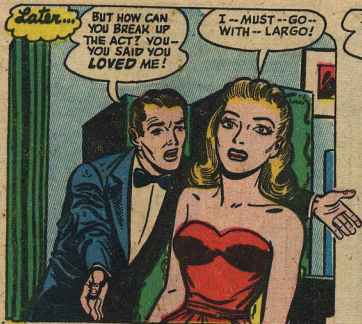
SUDDENLY, A CLAP OF THUNDER SHOOK THE ENTIRE BUILDING! AS AN ACRID, BLACK CLOUD HOVERED OVER THE STAGE...

WHY DID YOU SUMMON US SO SOON, LARGO?

HIS TIME DRAWS NEAR--LET US TAKE HIM NOW!



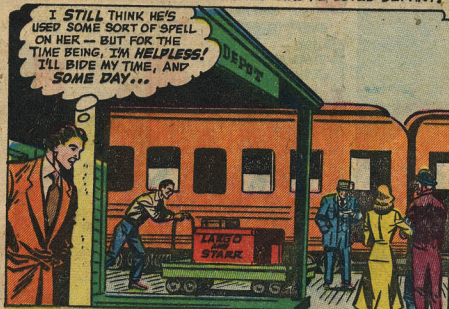




RAGING, JED BURST INTO LARGO'S DRESSING ROOM...



AND SO, DESOLATE, JOE WATCHED THE GIRL HE LOVED DEPART!



SOON AFTERWARD, AT THE PALACE THEATRE --

HOLD IT, YOUNG FELLA--
YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE
WITHOUT A PASS!

I'VE GOT TO SEE
MARTHA STARR--
IT'S URGENT!



UNEXPECTEDLY, A STRANGE LIGHT APPEARED IN
THE OLD DOORKEEPER'S EYES-- A LOOK OF
UNDERSTANDING!

THEN HURRY,
SON! -- PERHAPS
YOU CAN SUCCEED
WHERE
I FAILED!

HMM -- THAT OLD MAN
SEEMS TO KNOW
WHY I'M HERE!



OUTSIDE MARTHA'S DRESSING ROOM,
JED'S HEART LEAPED AS HE HEARD
HER VOICE-- BUT HE FROZE IN
HORROR AT THE WORDS!

PLEASE-- RELEASE ME FROM
THIS LIVING DEATH! HAVEN'T
YOU TORTURED ME ENOUGH
ALREADY?



SCARCELY BREATHING, JED STOLE INTO THE ROOM! AND HIS
BLOOD FROZE AS HE LOOKED UPON A SCENE THAT FEW
MORTALS HAVE EVER WITNESSED!

GREAT SCOTT!
THE MAN'S A --
WIZARD!

O SPIRITS OF THE EVIL OLD-- LET
HER YOUTH BE MINE! LET IT FLOW
THROUGH ME-- AND MAKE MY
BODY YOUNG AGAIN!



BENEATH
THE
MAGIC
SPELL,
MARTHA'S
FACE
SEEMED
TO AGE--
AGE--



UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIS RAGE, JED CONFRONTED
THE MANIACAL SORCERER --

JED --
THANK
HEAVENS!

SO! --
YOU
AGAIN!

YES-- AND NOW YOU'LL
ANSWER TO ME!





IN AN EERIE AND DESOLATE CASTLE--



THEY'RE NOT TYING ME UP--
WHICH MEANS I CAN EXPLORE
THIS AWFUL PLACE! HEAVEN
KNOWS WHAT I'LL
FIND!

HEART-BREAKING HOURS LATER--



IT'S HOPELESS! NO HUMAN
BEING WOULD HAVE A CHANCE
OF ESCAPING FROM THIS
PLACE!

SUDDENLY--



I'VE NOTICED THAT EVERY SO OFTEN
THE SPIRITS BRING IN AN EVIL-
LOOKING OLD MAN-- WONDER
WHY? THIS TIME I'LL FOLLOW
THEM!

LOOKING FOR
A CLUE TO
HIS OWN FATE,
JED
FOLLOWED
THE WINGED
SPIRITS
AND THEIR
STRUGGLING
BURDEN
FAR INTO
THE
EERIE
DEPTHS
OF
THE
DARK
FORTRESS--
TO
WITNESS
AN
INCREDIBLE
CEREMONY!



SPIRIT OF EVIL--IT IS TIME TO GIVE
UP THIS MORTAL BODY! -- COME
FORTH! JOIN YOUR BROTHER
SPIRITS!

CR-RAK!

IT...IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!

A WEIRD TRANSFORMATION
BEGAN! BUT SUDDENLY--



LOOK! THE
PRISONER!
SEIZE HIM!

THEY'VE SPOTTED
ME-- AND IT'S NO
USE TRYING TO
RUN!

A MOMENT LATER--BEFORE THE
WIZENED CHIEF OF THE
SPIRIT WORLD--

MORTAL-- YOU HAVE WITNESSED OUR
FORBIDDEN RITUAL! FOR THIS, YOU
MUST SUFFER THE UNTOLD
TORMENTS OF ETERNAL
PAIN! AWAY WITH
HIM!



5 TRYING DESPERATELY TO AVERT A GHASTLY DOOM,
JEFF CALLED UPON HIS LAST HOPE -- A BLUFF!



WAIT! ARE YOU MERE
LACKEYS? YOU'RE ONLY
PUNISHING ME BECAUSE
IT'S THE WILL OF YOUR
MASTER, LARGO!

LARGO? --OUR
MASTER?
YOU LIE!

A STRANGELY HUMAN EXPRESSION OF RAGE
CONTORTED THE FACE OF THE CRAFTY LEADER --

TRUE, LARGO DOES HAVE A MAGIC
CONTROL OVER US -- BUT IT WILL NOT
LAST FOREVER! ONCE HE GROWS
OLD, HE WILL BE OURS! THEN HIS
TORTURE WILL BE DIRE -- AND
EVERLASTING!



HA! BUT YOU KNOW THAT HE IS ABLE TO
REPLENISH HIS YOUTH! WHILE HE REMAINS
YOUNG, YOU ARE HELPLESS AGAINST HIM!
YOU ARE HIS SLAVES! BUT WITH MY HELP--
YOU CAN DEFEAT HIM!

BRAVE TALK--
FROM ONE ABOUT
TO DIE! BUT
SPEAK -- WHAT
IS YOUR PLAN?



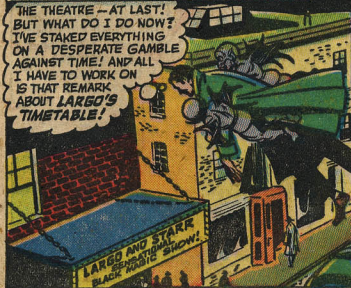
GIVE ME MY FREEDOM--
AND I PROMISE YOU THAT
IN THREE DAYS, LARGO
WILL BE AN OLD MAN!
HE WILL BE YOURS! IF
I FAIL, I WILL FORFEIT
MY OWN LIFE!

AGREED! GO--BUT
FAIL NOT--LEST YOUR
PUNISHMENT BE
MULTIPLIED TENFOLD!
AND TAKE THIS ADVICE:
FIND LARGO'S
TIMETABLE!



AFTER A PERILOUS JOURNEY-- BACK TO THE
WORLD OF THE LIVING --

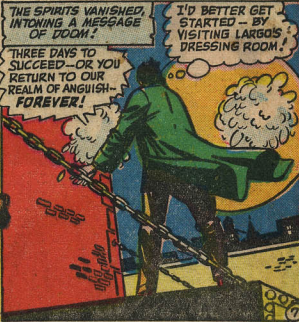
THE THEATRE-- AT LAST!
BUT WHAT DO I DO NOW?
I'VE STAKED EVERYTHING
ON A DESPERATE GAMBLE
AGAINST TIME! AND ALL
I HAVE TO WORK ON
IS THAT REMARK
ABOUT LARGO'S
TIMETABLE!



THE SPIRITS VANISHED,
INTONING A MESSAGE
OF DOOM!

THREE DAYS TO
SUCCEED--OR YOU
RETURN TO OUR
REALM OF ANGUISH--
FOREVER!

I'D BETTER GET
STARTED -- BY
VISITING LARGO'S
DRESSING ROOM!

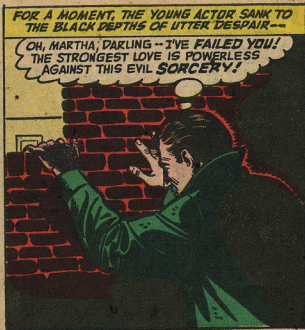




MOMENTS LATER--

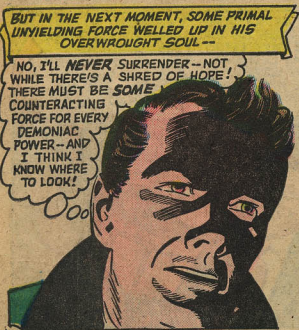
YE GODS! -- IT'S LARGO!
B-BUT HE'S SO YOUNG --
AND MARTHA, WHAT DOES
SHE LOOK LIKE NOW?

NOT BAD -- AS LONG
AS I CAN RENEW MY YOUTH,
THOSE CURSED SPIRITS
CAN'T TOUCH ME!



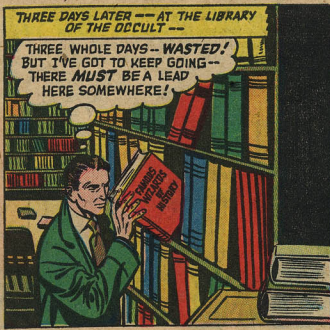
FOR A MOMENT, THE YOUNG ACTOR SANK TO
THE BLACK DEPTHS OF UTTER DESPAIR--

OH, MARTHA, DARLING -- I'VE FAILED YOU!
THE STRONGEST LOVE IS POWERLESS
AGAINST THIS EVIL SORCERY!



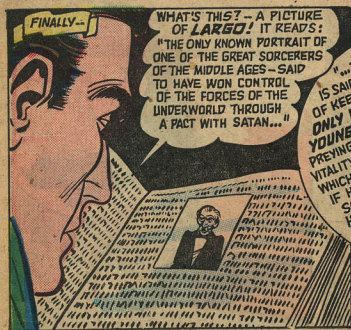
BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT, SOME PRIMAL
UNYIELDING FORCE WELLED UP IN HIS
OVERWROUGHT SOUL --

NO, I'LL NEVER SURRENDER -- NOT
WHILE THERE'S A SHRED OF HOPE!
THERE MUST BE SOME
COUNTERACTING
FORCE FOR EVERY
DEMONIAC
POWER -- AND
I THINK I
KNOW WHERE
TO LOOK!



THREE DAYS LATER -- AT THE LIBRARY
OF THE OCCULT --

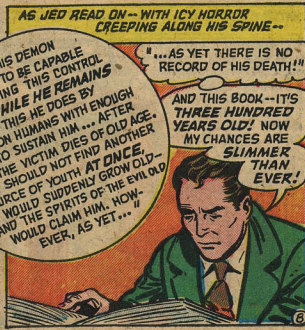
THREE WHOLE DAYS -- WASTED!
BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING --
THERE MUST BE A LEAD
HERE SOMEWHERE!



FINALLY--

WHAT'S THIS? -- A PICTURE
OF LARGO! IT READS:
"THE ONLY KNOWN PORTRAIT OF
ONE OF THE GREAT SORCERERS
OF THE MIDDLE AGES -- SAID
TO HAVE WON CONTROL
OF THE FORCES OF THE
UNDERWORLD THROUGH
A PACT WITH SATAN..."

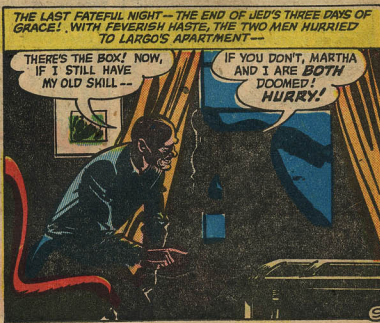
"...THIS DEMON
IS SAID TO BE CAPABLE
OF KEEPING THIS CONTROL
ONLY WHILE HE REMAINS
YOUNG. THIS HE DOES BY
PREYING ON HUMANS WITH ENOUGH
VITALITY TO SUSTAIN HIM... AFTER
WHICH THE VICTIM DIES OF OLD AGE.
IF HE SHOULD NOT FIND ANOTHER
SOURCE OF YOUTH AT ONCE,
HE WOULD SUDDENLY GROW OLD --
AND THE SPIRITS OF THE EVIL OLD
WOULD CLAIM HIM. NOW --
EVER, AS YET..."



AS JED READ ON -- WITH ICY HORROR
CREEPING ALONG HIS SPINE --

"...AS YET THERE IS NO
RECORD OF HIS DEATH!"

AND THIS BOOK -- IT'S
THREE HUNDRED
YEARS OLD! NOW
MY CHANCES ARE
SLIMMER
THAN
EVER!



AS THE AGONIZING MOMENTS
TICKED AWAY --

THE **BOOK!** -- YES, AND **LOOK!** --
WE'VE **GOT** IT!
IT SAYS THAT
LARGO'S NEXT
TIME FOR RENEWING
HIS YOUTH IS AT
MIDNIGHT --
TONIGHT!
OKAY, GALLA --
HERE'S MY PLAN --



AN HOUR LATER, WHEN LARGO APPEARED
AT THE THEATRE --

LARGO -- FOR
OLD TIME'S SAKE --
HELP ME -- I'M
ILL!

GO AWAY, YOU OLD
FOOL! I'M IN
A HURRY!



PLEASE! --
I -- I'M
DESPERATE!

OUT OF MY
WAY, YOU
IDIOT --
**YOU'RE
WASTING
MY TIME!**



AS GALLA WAS FLUNG
RUTHLESSLY ASIDE --

THE MAN
MUST BE
DRUNK!

IT **WORKED!**
I'M **STILL**
THE **GREAT**
GALLA!

GOOD!
NOW FOR
THE **NEXT**
STEP IN
MY PLAN!



AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, IN
LARGO'S DRESSING ROOM -- THE
WEIRD RITUAL BEGAN --

IT IS NEARLY MIDNIGHT -- THE
FATAL HOUR! HEAR ME, MIGHTY
FORCES OF THE NETHERWORLD --
LET THE **LAST** OF HER YOUTH
FLOW INTO MY BODY! LET HER
NOW **DIE** THAT I MAY REMAIN
YOUNG!



BUT -- AS HE LOOKED INTO THE
MIRROR -- A RUSH OF COLD
PANIC SWEEPED OVER THE FIEND --

IMPS OF TOPHET!
SOMETHING'S **WRONG!**
IT'S EXACTLY MIDNIGHT AND --
I'M NO YOUNGER!



SUDDENLY, BURSTING TRIUMPHANTLY
INTO THE ROOM --

YOU'RE **WRONG**, LARGO -- IT'S
AFTER **MIDNIGHT!** WHEN GALLA
BEGGED YOU FOR HELP TODAY, HE
TURNED YOUR WATCH **BACK TEN**
MINUTES! HIS POOR WIFE IS
AVENGED -- AND SO
ARE WE!



THEN, AS THE WINGED SPIRITS
ARRIVED TO FULFILL THEIR DREA-
FUL MISSION, A GRISLY CHANGE
CAME OVER LARGO --

MERCY,
DEMONS --
DON'T TAKE
ME WITH
YOU!

WE'LL SHOW YOU
THE KIND OF
MERCY YOU
SHOWED OTHERS,
LARGO!
COME!

HE'S
SUDDENLY
INCREDIBLY
OLD -- AND
MARTHA --
YOU'RE
BECOMING
YOUNG
AGAIN!



WHEW. AFTER **THIS**, I FEEL
I'VE AGED TEN YEARS!

DARLING, WE HAVE
PLENTY OF YEARS
AHEAD OF US -- AND
WE'RE GOING TO
SPEND THEM
TOGETHER!

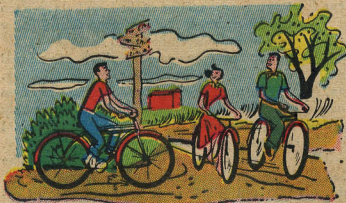


THUS, THERE IS A GRISLY
JUSTICE THAT PROVES -- EVEN
IN THE REALM OF THE
SUPERNATURAL -- THAT
CRIME DOES
NOT PAY!

The END 10

"CHAIN REACTION"

with U. S. Royal Chain Tires!



Touch the brake—feel those "built-in skid chains" really grip... stop you on a dime!



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CHAIN
BICYCLE TIRES**

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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

The GHOST of COMPANY C

“WHAT A DEAL!” shouted Captain Rogers, pointing to the immense French chateau looking against the dark sky. “After sixty-three days of combat, this company is finally going to get a decent night’s rest!”

So it seemed, for the enormous medieval structure, topped by ancient battlements, and adorned with grotesque gargoyles, certainly contained hundreds of rooms, more than enough to accommodate the handful of men which now constituted Company C.

But after the chateau had been searched from top to bottom, the captain scratched his head, baffled. “Funny, serge,” he said, “but you’d think the Germans would’ve used this place before they were run off. Yet, for some reason or other, they didn’t.”

“You can never tell about Jerries, cap’n,” replied the sergeant. “Maybe the joint scared ‘em. It IS as creepy lookin’ a place as I’ve ever been in!”

“The sarge is getting jumpy,” Rogers thought a few minutes later, as he prepared for bed. Two candles were the only illumination within the immense master bedroom he had chosen for himself, in which the ancient tapestries were shrouded in blackness, hanging about the room like sinister veils.

He had only kicked off his boots a few moments before when he heard something resembling a hollow, muffled-clank, coming from below. “Guess one of the boys dropped his rifle,” passed through his mind, but a moment later he heard the sound again... louder...and closer...

He was deep under the covers when suddenly the sounds, which now seemed exactly like heavy chains being dragged along a stone floor, echoed around the room. “Darn those men,” he muttered. “You’d think they’d take the opportunity to rest rather than fool around!” But then the clanking was down the hall from the two oaken doors which led into his room, coming closer...closer...and suddenly, there was a deep moan, as if from a being in

great pain:

He shot bolt upright in bed, concentrating hard. Whatever it was now stood right outside his door. Furiously, Captain Rogers sprang out of bed and flung open the door, ready to ream out the offender who had disturbed his rest.

But there was nothing there. He peered down the hall in both directions. Nothing.

The next morning he addressed his men angrily. “You guys better cut out that nonsense with the chains and moaning. I intend to get some sleep tonight.”

“You mean...you heard it, too?” The sergeant looked at Rogers incredulously. “So did I!” Soon it appeared that everyone had heard it, and each had thought someone else was pulling a practical joke. Captain Rogers was not convinced. “Look, you guys!” he shouted. “Tonight I’m taking my .45 pistol to bed with me. As soon as I hear whoever it is outside the door, I’M FIRING!”

Rogers was all attention, gun in hand, at the stroke of midnight. He listened for the clanking, heard it approach... and then the ghastly moan. “He’s askin’ for this,” Rogers thought as he fingered the trigger. The moaning became louder, was right outside the door, and suddenly, Rogers saw the doorknobs begin slowly to...turn!

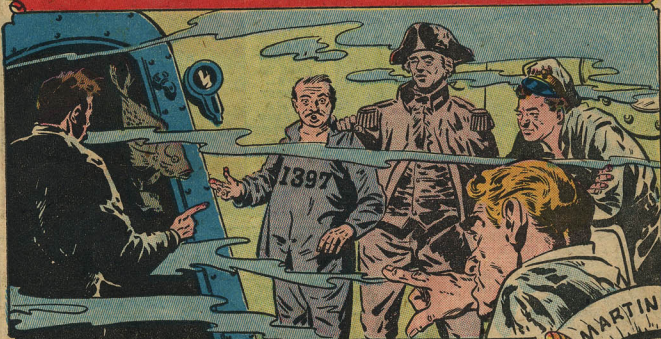
“Stay back!” he shouted. But to no avail, for the door began to creak on its hinges. Rogers fired six times, swiftly, and then leaped forward.

But though the door was splintered on both sides, there was *nothing* in the hall...anywhere! “Everybody up!” he roared.

“What was all that firing about?” shouted the sergeant, running up breathlessly.

“I was firing at a...a GHOST!” shouted Rogers. “Now I know why the Germans didn’t use this place...for the same reason WE’RE not going to! THE JOINT IS HAUNTED!”

Sea of Retribution



JAMES SIMON WAS A SMART OPERATOR! EVEN WHEN HIS FRAUD WAS EXPOSED AND HE WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR SELLING DEFECTIVE STEEL PLATES TO SHIPYARDS, HE COULD AFFORD TO SMILE! WHY SHOULD HE WORRY? WHAT DID A FEW YEARS OFF HIS LIFE MEAN WHEN HE HAD A FORTUNE IN MONEY SAFELY HIDDEN AWAY TO BE USED WHEN HE GOT FREE? YES, JAMES SIMON HAD PLANNED WELL FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY--EXCEPT ONE! IT WAS ONE FROM OUT OF THE TERRIFYING REALM BEYOND DEATH ITSELF--THAT WAS TO SEND HIM FORTH ON A TERRIFYING VOYAGE ON THE SEA OF RETRIBUTION!

AT THE CULMINATION OF HIS TRIAL--

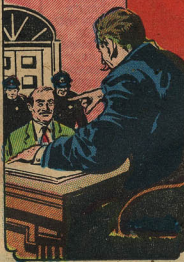
I WISH I COULD SEND YOU TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, JAMES SIMON! YOU ARE A **MURDERER** IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD! YOU SENT SCORES OF BRAVE AMERICAN SAILORS TO THEIR DEATHS WHEN THEIR SHIPS BROKE UP AND SANK BECAUSE OF DEFECTIVE STEEL PLATING YOU SOLD! YOU ARE A DESPICABLE **TRAITOR** TO YOUR COUNTRY!

YET BY THE LAW I CAN SENTENCE YOU TO ONLY **FIFTEEN YEARS OF HARD LABOR!**... NOW TAKE THIS CREATURE AWAY! SHUT HIM OFF FROM THE EYES OF DECENT MEN!

SO JAMES SIMON WENT TO THE PENITENTIARY! BUT EVEN THERE THE CONVICTS NEVER LET HIM FORGET!

YOU NO-GOOD COWARD!

KILLIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YA!

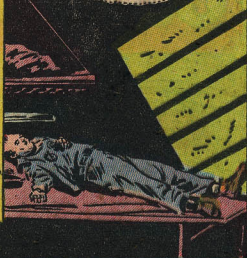


BUT SIMON CLOSED HIS EARS TO CONDEMNATION!
HE THOUGHT ONLY OF THE WEALTH THAT AWAITED HIM--

LET THEM TALK! WHAT IF
I **DID** SABOTAGE THE
AMERICAN MERCHANT
MARINE? A MAN'S
BANK ROLL COMES
FIRST, DOESN'T IT?

THE WEARY
MONTHS
PASSED
UNTIL,
ONE
NIGHT,
SIMON
BEGAN TO
THINK OF
ESCAPING!
IT WAS
STRANGE
HOW THE
THOUGHT
CAME TO
HIM --
ALMOST
AS IF A
VOICE HAD
WHISPERED
IN HIS
EAR!

YOU CAN **ESCAPE**,
JAMES SIMON!
A MAN AS CLEVER
AS YOU ...



GUESS I JUST DREAMT
THAT I HEARD A VOICE --
BUT SAY! WHAT IF I
COULD ESCAPE? I COULD
GET MY MONEY, SLIP AWAY
TO SOUTH AMERICA AND LIVE
LIKE A KING! BUT I SUPPOSE
IT'S FOOLISH -- HOW WOULD
I EVER GET OUT OF THIS
PLACE?

THEN THE WHISPER CAME
AGAIN -- SO DISTINCT THAT
THERE COULD BE NO
DOUBT ABOUT IT!

IT WILL BE EASY!
I WILL HELP YOU!

NOW THE VOICE CAME FROM
THE BARRED CELL DOOR!
AND THERE WAS A MAN STANDING
OUTSIDE! A MAN WEARING
STRANGE AND ANCIENT GARMENTS
-- AS IF HE HAD COME
FROM A MASQUERADE!



WHO ARE
YOU?

NEVER MIND, JAMES
SIMON! I HAVE
COME TO HELP
YOU FLEE
THESE WALLS!

AS THE CELL DOOR SWUNG NOISELESSLY OPEN--

BUT WHY
ARE YOU DOING
THIS FOR ME?

YOU WILL FIND
OUT -- **LATER!**
HASTEN!

DOWN
THE LONG
CELL
BLOCK
CREPT
SIMON AND
THE
STRANGER
-- PAST
GUARDS
WHO SEEMED
EITHER
ASLEEP OR
DRUGGED!
THEN OUT
THROUGH
THE
GREAT
GATE--
TO
FREEDOM!

YOU'VE GOT TO
TELL ME WHO YOU
ARE! IT -- IT'S
FANTASTIC THE
WAY YOU GOT
ME OUT OF
THAT PLACE!

EVERYTHING WILL
BE CLEAR TO YOU
SOON, JAMES SIMON!
VERY CLEAR!



FOG SWIRLED AND EDDIED, SHUTTING OUT ALL SIGHT OF BUILDINGS AND LAND! THE HAND ON HIS ARM WAS ICY COLD, THE FINGERS LIKE TALONS! FEAR CAME TO SIMON THEN! HE TRIED TO PULL FREE--AND COULD NOT!

LET ME--GO!
YOU'RE--
HURTING
ME!

NOT AS MUCH
AS YOU HURT
OTHERS,
JAMES SIMON!



AND THEN--THE SALTY SCENT OF THE SEA!
WHERE WERE THEY?

I MUST BE
DREAMING! THIS
CAN'T BE
HAPPENING!



SIMON CLOSED HIS EYES IN
TERROR! WHEN HE OPENED
THEM--

WHERE AM
I? WHERE HAVE
YOU BROUGHT
ME?

READ, JAMES
SIMON--AND
REMEMBER!



THE MARTIN!
IT CAN'T BE--
SHE'S SUNK!

YES--ONE OF
THE SHIPS
YOU SENT TO
HER DOOM!

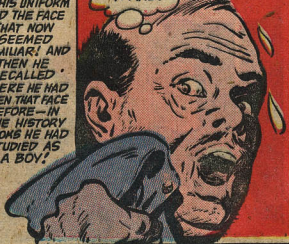


HEAR, MEN--I HAVE BROUGHT
THE TRAITOR HERE AS I
PROMISED! HE IS THE ONE
WHO MURDERED ALL OF YOU--
AND MANY MORE! HE IS THE
WRETCH WHO SOUGHT TO
DESTROY FOR MONEY, THAT
WHICH I STARTED!



SHAKING WITH
FRIGHT, SIMON
STARED AT HIS
STRANGE
COMPANION--
AT HIS UNIFORM
AND THE FACE
THAT NOW
SEEMED
FAMILIAR! AND
THEN HE
RECALLED
WHERE HE HAD
SEEN THAT FACE
BEFORE--IN
THE HISTORY
BOOKS HE HAD
STUDIED AS
A BOY!

HE LOOKS LIKE...LIKE JOHN
PAUL JONES! BUT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S BEEN
DEAD FOR COUNTLESS
YEARS!



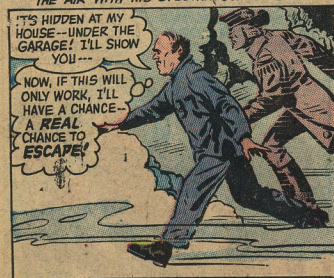
YES, I AM JOHN PAUL
JONES--FOUNDER OF THE
AMERICAN NAVY! I HAVE
COME BACK, AS I ALWAYS
WILL, WHEN TRAITORS
THREATEN MY SHIPS!

BUT...BUT I DIDN'T
SINK THOSE SHIPS--
THEY CRACKED UP
IN STORMS! HOW
COULD I HELP
THE WEATHER?



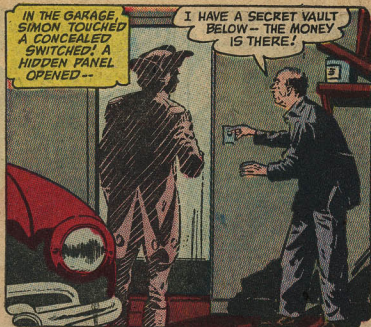


THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE SUNKEN SHIP WAS GONE AND SIMON FOUND HIMSELF STREAKING THROUGH THE AIR WITH HIS SPECTRAL COMPANION!



IN WHAT SEEMED A HANDFUL OF SECONDS, THEY HAD ARRIVED AT SIMON'S PALATIAL MANSION, NOW DESERTED AND LOCKED UP!





A SUDDEN PUSH FROM THE REAR -- AND THE SPECTER HURTLING DOWN THE STEPS!



LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, SIMON SPED TO ONE OF HIS CARS! HE KNEW THERE WAS GASOLINE IN ITS TANK-- THAT IT WAS READY TO ROLL --



THROUGH NIGHT-SHROUDED ROADS HE GUIDED HIS CAR AT TOP SPEED, ALWAYS ALERT TO ANY POSSIBLE PURSUIT--

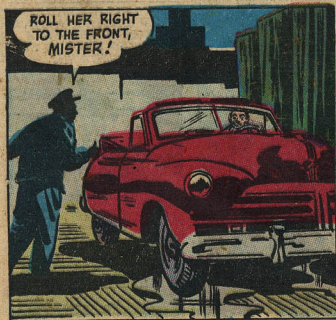
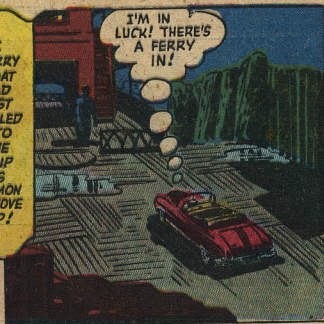


THERE WAS NO SIGN OF PURSUIT -- AND WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, HE CAME TO A STOP IN A SECLUDED VALLEY IN THE MOUNTAINS!





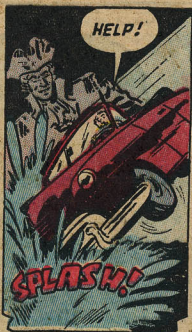
A
FERRY
BOAT
HAD
JUST
PULLED
INTO
THE
SLIP
AS
SIMON
DROVE
UP!



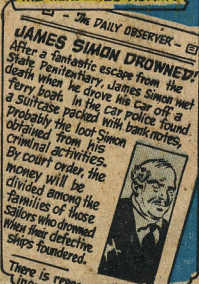
SIMON
OBEYED!
HE LIFTED
HIS FOOT
TO BRING
IT DOWN
ON THE
BRAKE
WHEN
HE HAD
ALMOST
REACHED
THE
CHAINS
THAT
FORMED
THE
BARRIER
AT THE
BOW OF
THE BOAT!
THEN...



TERROR PARALYZED SIMON! HE COULDN'T BRING HIS POISED FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKE! THE CAR SMASHED INTO THE CHAINS-- BROKE THROUGH!



JAMES SIMON MADE THE HEADLINES AGAIN!



CHILL CHATTER

GREETINGS, ALL OF you new friends and soon-to-be fans!

This, our first issue, marks an important epoch for all of us who are now meeting for the first time in these pages. For you, readers, it provides an opportunity to witness the advent of a completely new magazine...and to judge for yourself the success of the ideals and policies which it dares to maintain. For us, the editors, it furnishes our first contact with the very people who will constitute our jury as time passes, and decide our future by judging the value and interest of this, our great new book of the supernatural.

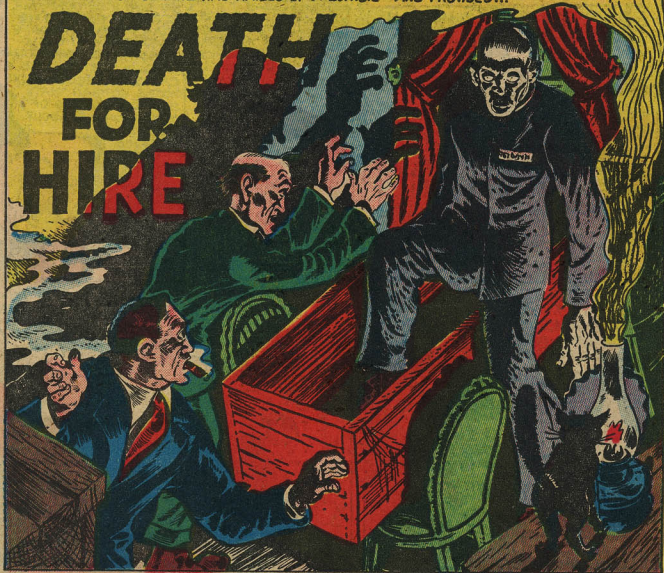
Why did this magazine come into being? This is a justified question at a time when many supernatural magazines throng the newsstands. But your own experience, readers, should provide the answer. You've read many of these publications, and realize full well that their contents are sheer and reasonless terror. Unfortunately, they've missed the boat as far as dealing with the tense and spine-tingling thrills of the real occult is concerned. To achieve such thrills calls for different ideals, different policies, and these we are striving to maintain. What is needed is research into the type of material readers prefer...and then further research into all available material thereon, with an eye to digging up exciting and little-known facts. From this must emerge tense, gripping and

imaginative stories, the products of able and experienced writers. Further, such stories must be illustrated by ace artists, and presented for your attention in an attractive and cleanly-printed magazine. And at all times, the taste and preferences of *you*, the reader, must frame our issues.

These are the thoughts upon which this, our first number, has been assembled. And *we* think it's a great magazine of the supernatural! We think you'll like "*Deathless Mortal*", as strange and challenging a story of the occult as has ever been published. We're sure of your reaction to "*Sea of Retribution*", a tense and fast-paced tale with a thrilling moral. "*Death For Hire*" is a gripping adventure into a dark realm beyond life itself...and "*Monster of the Deep*" will fascinate as it thrills. In our opinion, it's a great issue...but proof is dependent upon more than *our* convictions. We want to know what *you* think! Won't you write to us, please! And in your letter, tell us what story you liked best. If there's any story you *didn't* like, let us know that, too! We'd also appreciate hearing what you'd like to see in future issues. We'll publish your letter if we have space...as a matter of fact, readers' correspondence will play an important part in this page in every issue! Address your letter to The Editor, *Skeleton Hand*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. So, until our next issue, goodbye...and good reading!

CRACKER SHUTZ WAS DEAD-- THE ELECTRIC CHAIR HAD SEEN TO THAT! BUT NOW HE WAS MOVING-- CLAMBERING FROM HIS COFFIN! THE LITTLE PROFESSOR HAD MADE GOOD HIS MACABRE PROMISE! HE HAD RAISED UP A ZOMBIE-- AND PROVIDED...

DEATH FOR HIRE



FOR YEARS CRACKER HAD BEEN HEAD TRIGGERMAN IN LEO GORMAN'S CRIME EMPIRE! HE WAS A MASTER OF ASSASSINATION--

YUH CAN CROSS HIM OFF YOUR LIST, BOSS! HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD!



AND SO IT CAME AS A SHOCK WHEN--

WHAT'S THAT? THE COPS NABBED CRACKER?

CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT! THEY'LL BURN HIM, BOSS-- HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!



CRACKER DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! HE WAS TRIED, CONVICTED--

WHAT A ROTTEN BREAK! I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER TRIGGERMAN LIKE CRACKER!

ONE THING, LEO, NOBODY'LL EVER GET ANYTHING ON YOU! EVEN THIS SENATOR WHO'S YAPPIN' SO LOUD!



A CRIME PROBE WAS IN FULL SWAY, HEADED BY MILITANT SENATOR ADAM FLINT! WHEN LEO GORMAN WAS CALLED--

I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE HEAD OF A CRIME SYNDICATE, MR. GORMAN! IS THIS TRUE?

WHAT IS A CRIME SYNDICATE, SENATOR?

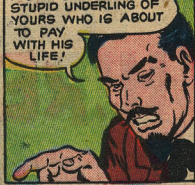
THIS MURDERER, CRACKER SHUTZ, WAS **YOUR**

PRIVATE KILLER, WASN'T HE?

I REFUSE TO ANSWER ON THE GROUND THAT I MIGHT INCRIMINATE MYSELF!

SOLIDLY, GORMAN WENT THROUGH HOURS OF EXAMINATION, DEFTLY PARRYING ALL QUESTIONS--

YOU MAY STEP DOWN, MR. GORMAN! PERHAPS WE CAN **PROVE** NOTHING AGAINST YOU! BUT I KNOW, AND EVERY CITIZEN KNOWS, THAT YOU ARE A CALLOUSED KILLER--EVEN MORE SO THAN THAT STUPID UNDERLING OF YOURS WHO IS ABOUT TO PAY WITH HIS LIFE!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, SENATOR FLINT! YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT-- **BUT YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!**



BACK HOME, WITH RAGE STILL BURNING WITHIN HIM

I'D HAVE THAT MEALY-MOUTHED OO-GOODER KNOCKED OFF FAST-- IF ONLY I HAD CRACKER BACK!

FAT CHANCE YUH GOT OF THAT, BOSS! HE'S SLATED TO FRY NEXT WEEK!



THEN, A FEW DAYS BEFORE CRACKER'S EXECUTION, A STRANGE LITTLE MAN CAME TO SEE GORMAN--

JUST CALL ME **THE PROFESSOR!** I CAME HERE BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HAVE YOUR GUNMAN, CRACKER SHUTZ, RETURNED TO YOU!



CRACKER'S IN THE DEATH HOUSE! THERE AIN'T A HOPE OF SPRINGIN' HIM!

I DON'T MEAN TO HAVE HIM RETURNED TO YOU **BEFORE** HIS EXECUTION! I MEAN **AFTER!**





AFTER?
HE'LL BE--
DEAD!

CERTAINLY! BUT THE
DEAD CAN BE MADE
TO WALK AGAIN-- IF
ONE KNOWS THE DREAD
SECRET! AND I LEARNED
THAT SECRET FROM
WITCH DOCTORS IN THE
JUNGLES OF HAITI! I
CAN BRING CRACKER
BACK TO YOU, AS A

ZOMBIE!



APPALLED, GORMAN TRIED TO
FORCE THE IDEA FROM HIS
MIND! YES--

A **ZOMBIE** TO DO MY
KILLING! CRACKER BACK
IN SERVICE AGAIN! IT
WOULD BE A PERFECT
WAY TO GET MY
REVENGE ON
SENATOR FLINT!



AND SO, ON THE NIGHT CRACKER
WAS EXECUTED, A HEARSE
WAITED OUTSIDE THE
PENITENTIARY--

THERE GOES
THE LAST OF
CRACKER! I
WONDER WHO'S
CLAIMING THE
BODY?

LET'S TAG
ALONG AND
FIND OUT!



BUT GORMAN HAD PLANNED WELL! THE
REPORTERS' ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW THE
HEARSE WAS CLEVERLY BLOCKED!

HEY, YOU--
WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF CUTTING
US OFF?



MEANWHILE, CRACKER'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO A
LONELY FARM HOUSE-- WHERE THE LITTLE PROFES-
SOR COMMENCED A WEIRD RITUAL!

HALATA BALU!
IN THE NAME
OF GOMENA,
GOD OF THE
LIVING DEAD,
I COMMAND
YOU-- RISE!

HE'S--MOVING! HE'S
GETTING UP!



HE'S DONE
IT! HE'S
BROUGHT
CRACKER
BACK!

THERE HE IS, MR.
GORMAN, YOUR
TRIGGERMAN--
BETTER THAN HE
EVER WAS ALIVE,
BECAUSE NOTHING
CAN HARM HIM--
NOTHING
CAN STOP
HIM!



FINE WORK, PROFESSOR--
I CAN SURE USE HIM!
WILL HE DO WHAT I
TELL HIM TO DO?

NOT YOU! I
MUST GIVE THE
COMMANDS!
HE OBEYS
ONLY ME!

SO THE PROFESSOR MOVED IN ON GORMAN, AND IT SOON BECAME APPARENT TO THE CRIME BOSS THAT HE WAS AT THE MERCY OF THE LITTLE MAN! FOR AS THE MASTER OF CRACKER, THE PROFESSOR COULD DEMAND AND GET ANYTHING!



I'LL NEED MORE SPENDING MONEY-- AND A BETTER ROOM, PLEASE!

UH-HUH...

HE'S GOT ME WHERE HE WANTS ME, AND HE KNOWS IT! WELL, I'LL LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY UNTIL CRACKER FINISHES OFF SENATOR FLINT! THEN-- I'LL SETTLE WITH THE PROFESSOR!



THEN THE PROFESSOR DECIDED TO SHOW OFF HIS ZOMBIE'S PROWESS! IT WAS A PAYROLL JOB-- A CINCH!



HELP!

THAT HOLD-UP MAN! HE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE-- **CRACKER SHUTZ!**



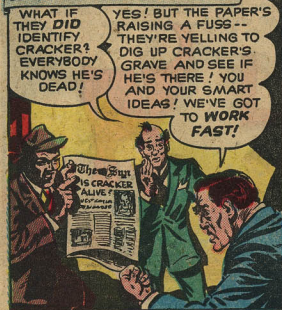
BANG!

YOU MEAN YOU SENT CRACKER OUT ON A JOB? BUT YOU **KNEW** I WANTED HIM KEPT UNDER COVER!

AREN'T YOU FORGETTING THAT I GIVE HIM HIS ORDERS?



BUT REPERCUSSIONS SOON SET IN!



WHAT IF THEY DID IDENTIFY CRACKER? EVERYBODY KNOWS HE'S DEAD!

YES! BUT THE PAPER'S RAISING A FUSS-- THEY'RE YELLING TO DIG UP CRACKER'S GRAVE AND SEE IF HE'S THERE! YOU AND YOUR SMART IDEAS! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

THAT NIGHT THE CASKET, IN WHICH A DUMMY HAD BEEN BURIED, WAS DUG UP BY GORMAN'S MEN!



GET RID OF THIS DUMMY-- ORDER CRACKER INSIDE, PROFESSOR?

CLIMB INTO THE COFFIN AND LIE DOWN, CRACKER!



THEN, ABRUPTLY, GORMAN'S CHANCE CAME TO ACT AGAINST HIS ENEMY, SENATOR FLINT!



BOSS, I JUST HOID-- THAT SENATOR CHARACTER, FLINT, HE'S GONNA GIVE AN ADDRESS IN TOWN IN A COUPLA DAYS!

GOOD! THAT'S WHEN CRACKER WILL NAIL HIM!

SUSPICION WAS ALLAYED-- AND THE PROFESSOR ORDERED CRACKER BACK FROM THE GRAVE!

CAN'T YOU PARK CRACKER SOMEPLACE BESIDES NEXT TO ME! MAKES ME JITTERY HAVIN' HIM AROUND ALL THE TIME!

YOU ASKED FOR YOUR OLD GUNMAN BACK-- AND NOW YOU HAVE HIM! DON'T BE AFRAID OF CRACKER, MR. GORMAN! HE WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU-- THAT IS, UNLESS I TELL HIM TO! HA! HA!



SOON AS THAT'S DONE, I'LL KNOCK OFF THE PROFESSOR! WHEN HE DIES, CRACKER WILL GO BACK TO BEIN' A CORPSE! I'LL BE RID OF BOTH OF 'EM!

BUT I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL-- THE PROFESSOR ALWAYS CARRIES A GAT! WELL, IT CAN BE FILLED WITH BLANKS, CAN'T IT?



ON THE MORNING OF THE DAY SENATOR FLINT WAS TO ADDRESS A MASS MEETING, GORMAN MANAGED TO GET HOLD OF THE PROFESSOR'S REVOLVER! HE QUICKLY REMOVED THE REAL BULLETS AND INSERTED BLANKS!



NOW HE WON'T HAVE A PRAYER AGAINST ME!

CRACKER WAS CAREFULLY DISGUISED AND GIVEN A TICKET--

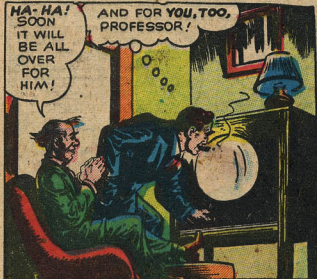
LISTEN, CRACKER! YOU WILL BE SHOWN TO A SEAT IN THE GALLERY-- SIT THERE! A MAN WILL START SPEAKING FROM THE PLATFORM OF THE HALL! HE WILL LOOK LIKE THIS PICTURE! WHEN YOU SEE HIM, SHOOT HIM-- AND SHOOT TO KILL!



GORMAN AND THE PROFESSOR SAT BEFORE THE TELEVISION SET! WITH LUCK--THEY WOULD ACTUALLY SEE SENATOR FLINT KILLED!

HA-HA! SOON IT WILL BE ALL OVER FOR HIM!

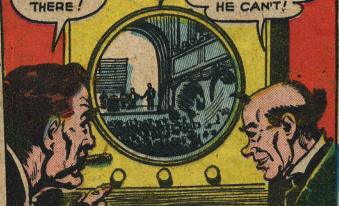
AND FOR YOU, TOO, PROFESSOR!



HERE WE ARE IN BELTLEY HALL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHERE THAT GREAT CRUSADER AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME, SENATOR FLINT, IS TO ADDRESS A LARGE GATHERING!

I HOPE CRACKER'S THERE!

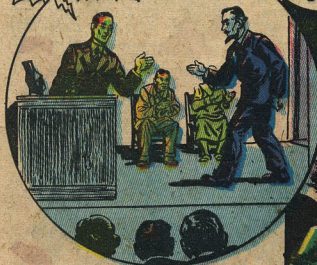
HE IS-- HE NEVER DISOBEYS ME! HE CAN'T!



AND HERE HE IS NOW-- **SENATOR ADAM FLINT!**

THE RAT--HOW I HATE HIM! WHY DOESN'T CRACKER SHOOT NOW?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS A GREAT HONOR TO--



SUDDENLY--

THAT WAS A GUN SHOT!

BANG!



THE TV CAMERA SWERVED ABRUPTLY, FOCUSED ON THE GALLERY--

A MANIAC IS SHOOTING AT THE SENATOR-- THERE HE IS...



CRACKER! THERE'S CRACKER! HE MUST HAVE GOT HIM-- HE NEVER MISSES!



POLICE ARE THRONGING UP ON THE PLATFORM! I CANNOT SEE THE SENATOR...

HE'S DEAD, THAT'S WHY NO ONE CAN SEE HIM! HE'S LYING THERE ON THE PLATFORM, DEAD! CRACKER ALWAYS HITS THE MARK!

AND NOW-- IT'S YOUR TURN, PROFESSOR!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? PUT THAT THING AWAY!



I DON'T NEED CRACKER NOW-- OR YOU, PROFESSOR! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU! THEN I'LL BE RID OF CRACKER, TOO! DON'T REACH FOR YOUR REVOLVER! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD--I FILLED IT WITH BLANKS!

BUT I HAVE NONE! I GAVE MINE TO CRACKER WHEN HE LOST HIS!

THEN... THEN HE WAS SENT TO KILL THE SENATOR WITH A GUN FULL OF **BLANKS!** AND THAT MEANS THE SENATOR MUST STILL BE ALIVE!

THE PROFESSOR SAW HIS CHANCE-- AND BOLTED!

CRACKER! COME BACK! HURRY-- I NEED YOU!

SO THAT'S YOUR GAME-- YOU'RE GOING TO TURN THAT ZOMBIE ON ME! WELL, IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!



I'VE GOT TO FINISH HIM OFF BEFORE CRACKER CAN GET BACK!

ARGHHH!

THOUGH HIT AND BADLY WOUNDED, THE LITTLE PROFESSOR MANAGED TO PROLONG THE PURSUIT--

YOU WON'T GET AWAY-- TAKE THAT!



I'M NOT DEAD YET...
I'LL... I'LL LIVE...
LONG ENOUGH...TO
SEE YOU DIE!
**CRACKER--
KILL HIM!
KILL HIM!**

**CRACKER CAN'T
SAVE YOU NOW!
YOU'LL BE
THROUGH BEFORE
HE CAN GET
HERE!**

**SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND HIM, GORMAN HEARD
THE SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS--**



**HOLY
SMOKE--
THE
ZOMBIE!**

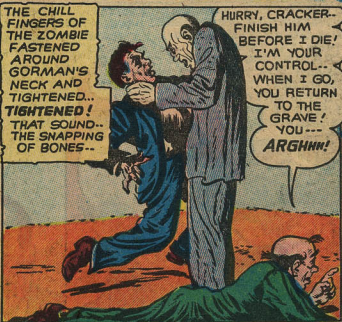
**HE'S ALL YOURS,
CRACKER--
TEAR HIM
APART!**

**NO--NO! KEEP AWAY!
THE BULLETS ARE GOING
RIGHT THROUGH HIM--
THEY CAN'T STOP
A DEAD MAN!**



**THE CHILL
FINGERS OF
THE ZOMBIE
FASTENED
AROUND
GORMAN'S
NECK AND
TIGHTENED...
TIGHTENED!
THAT SOUND--
THE SNAPPING
OF BONES--**

**HURRY, CRACKER--
FINISH HIM
BEFORE I DIE!
I'M YOUR
CONTROL--
WHEN I GO,
YOU RETURN
TO THE
GRAVE!
YOU---
ARGHHH!**



**AS THE PROFESSOR EXPIRED, THE
CRUEL PRESSURE ON GORMAN'S
THROAT WAS ABRUPTLY TERMI-
NATED! CRACKER REELED--
AND SLOWLY VANISHED!**

**BUT IT WAS TOO LATE
FOR GORMAN TO WIN
ANYTHING! HE TOOK
A STUMBLING STEP
AND THEN FELL
HEADLONG!**

**FOR GORMAN HAD HIRED
DEATH-- AND DEATH
HAD COME!**

**HE'S GONE...
CRACKER'S
GONE! I...I
WIN...
AFTER
ALL!**



**THE
END**

MONSTER ^{of the} DEEP



ANCIENT EPICS AND SAGAS ARE FILLED WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF HORRIBLE MONSTERS THAT PREYED ON HUMANS-- BUT THE MOST AWFUL OF ALL WAS **SCYLLA**, THE DREAD MONSTER OF THE STRAITS OF MESSINA! MOST PEOPLE SCOFF AND SAY NO SUCH MONSTER ACTUALLY EXISTED, SOME CAUTIOUSLY SAY THEY DON'T KNOW -- BUT THE FORTUNATE FEW WHO HAVE ACTUALLY **SEEN SCYLLA** AND SURVIVED WILL KNOW THE TERRIBLE **TRUTH** TILL THE END OF THEIR DAYS!

IN THE NARROW STRAITS OF MESSINA
BETWEEN ITALY AND SICILY...

THE FOG, SHE EES
THEECK LIKE COTTON!
WE CATCH NO FEEGH
TODAY, SIGNOR
ROGERS-- BETTER
WE GO BACK
TO SHORE!

OKAY, GINO-- WE CAN
TRY AGAIN TOMORROW!
I STILL HAVE A FEW
DAYS VACATION LEFT
BEFORE I GO BACK TO
THE STATES-- YE
GODS-- LOOK! A...
A PERISCOPE!

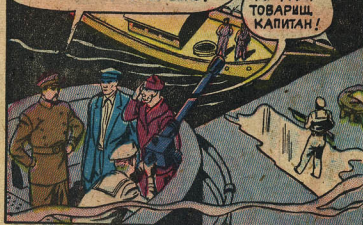
MOMENTS LATER...

YOU THERE IN THE
BOAT-- COME ALONG-
SIDE OR WE'LL
BLAST YOU OUT
OF THE WATER!

IT... IT LOOKS LIKE A
SOVIET SUB!
AND THEY SEEM TO
MEAN **BUSINESS!**
BETTER DO AS THEY
SAY, GINO!



IT IS TOO FOGGY TO RISK BRINGING THE SUBMARINE CLOSER TO SHORE IN ORDER TO LAND YOU ON ITALIAN SOIL-- THAT FISHING BOAT CAN TAKE YOU IN! ONCE YOU'VE LANDED, GET RID OF THE TWO FOOLS IN THE BOAT -- AND THEN BEGIN TO DISTRIBUTE THE MONEY YOU'RE BEARING TO THE COMMUNIST SABOTEURS!



ДА, ДА, ТОВАРИЩ КАПИТАН!

YOU WILL TAKE US TO THE ISOLATED BEACH BETWEEN REGGIO AND MELITO-- AND DO NOT TRY ANY TRICKS!

I'D NOT TRY TREECKS-- BUT THE GODS WEE! PROTECT ITALY FROM EVIL MEN LIKE YOU!

HOLD YOUR TONGUE, PIG-- OR YOU WILL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

ARF! ARF!

LISTEN--THAT'S A DOG BARKING! WE MUST BE VERY CLOSE TO SHORE!

NO, SHORE STILL KILOMETER AWAY-- BUT WE ARE NEAR LAIR OF SCYLLA, THE SEA-MONSTER! HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF SCYLLA'S SIX TERRIBLE HEADS THAT BARK LIKE DOGS!

FOOL-- DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FRIGHTEN US WITH FAIRY TALES! SCYLLA WAS A MYTHICAL CHARACTER INVENTED BY HOMER!

NO, SCYLLA LIVED! ULYSSES HIMSELF ALMOST WAS CAUGHT BY HER TWELVE OCTOPUS-LIKE ARMS-- BUT HE ESCAPED BECAUSE HE WAS NO REAL ENEMY OF ITALY! SCYLLA AN' HER ROCK COME UP FROM THE SEA WHENEVER ITALY IS IN DANGER-- TEAR ENEMY TO PIECES IF HE COME NEAR HER!



ARE! ARE!

LISTEN, ENEMIES OF ITALY-- SHE IS NEARER!

BAH-- I WILL SHUT YOUR MOUTH FOR GOOD, PIG-- WITH A BULLET THROUGH THE HEART! IF WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO LAND TO HEAR A DOG BARKING, WE CAN TAKE THE BOAT IN OURSELVES!

THEN, OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS FOG...

WHA--! IT SNATCHED THE GUN FROM MY HAND!

GREAT SCOTT! AM... AM I SEEING THINGS?



THEN, STRIKING WITH MONSTROUS FURY...



THE CORPSE under the CARPET

THE LEGEND OF ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST ASTONISHING SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA BEGAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 19TH CENTURY, IN A RURAL HOME IN THE DESOLATE SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE...

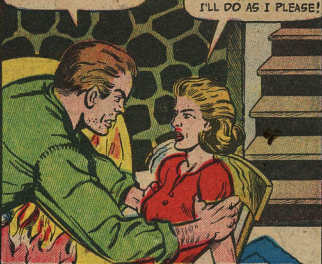
I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES, NELLIE... I WON'T HAVE YOU SPENDING SO MUCH MONEY ON FOOLERIES!

YOU OLD SKINFINT! WHEN I MARRIED YOU, YOU PROMISED TO PROVIDE FOR ME IN STYLE! I JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE... IT'S NOT FIT FOR A PIGSTY!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR LIP! DISOBEY ME ONCE MORE AND I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

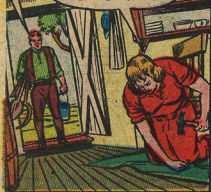
YOU THINK I'M SCARED OF YOUR THREATS? WELL, YOU'RE **WRONG!** THIS IS **MY** HOME AND I'LL DO AS I PLEASE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, UPON RETURNING FROM HIS WORK IN THE FIELDS...

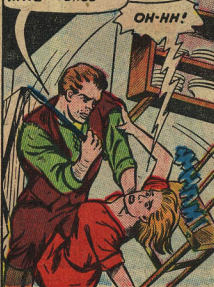
GREAT SCOTT! A... A NEW CARPET! I TOLD YOU, NELLIE...

WHAT DO I CARE WHAT YOU TOLD ME? WE NEEDED THIS, YOU OLD TIGHTWAD!



CONFOUND YOU, YOU'RE CROSSED ME FOR THE LAST TIME! I HATE YOU, YOU...

OH-HH!



AFTER THE GHASTLY CRIME HAD BEEN COMMITTED...

I... I DIDN'T MEAN IT... I LOST MY HEAD... BUT NO ONE MUST KNOW! I'VE BURIED HER UNDER THE FLOOR... AND NAILED THE CARPET OVER THE SPOT...



BUT MURDER WILL OUT... AND THE KILLER WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! THE HOUSE WAS SOLD TO ANOTHER COUPLE... BUT THIS WASN'T THE END OF THE STORY! NO... FOR NOT LONG AFTER THE NEW OCCUPANTS HAD ARRIVED...

I TELL YOU, JIM, THIS HOUSE GIVES ME THE CRGEPS! I DON'T LIKE LIVING IN A PLACE WITH SUCH A HORRIBLE CRIME HANGING OVER IT!

YOU'RE JUST BEING SILLY! THE ONLY REASON WE GOT THE PLACE SO CHEAPLY WAS BECAUSE OF... WH... WHAT'S THAT?



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE GHOST OF THE MURDERED WOMAN!

LET ME OUT, YOU OLD SKINFINT! LET ME OUT!

LET'S LEAVE THIS AWFUL PLACE!



YES, THEY LEFT... TERROR-STRICKEN! AND IN THE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE THEN, THERE HAVE BEEN MANY OCCUPANTS OF THE OLD HOUSE! BUT ALL HAVE LEFT AFTER A FEW DAYS... SWEARING TO HAVE SEEN THE SAME SIGHT... THE GHASTLY STRUGGLES OF THE CORPSE UNDER THE CARPET!

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "before" photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN

from Head to Toe
as YOU
can be
soon!

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED
SISSY below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail NOW
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6½ inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM** **FREE**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



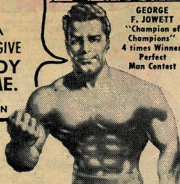
GEORGE
F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU GIVE ME

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! don't care how skinny or flabby you are; If you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.



BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

JOWETT COURSES
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN
—R. F. Kelley
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

Buy Now at our Low Low PRICES!

Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR
YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

NEW!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Mother" an almost real baby sister to play with.

only \$3.98

complete

TERRIFIC VALUE!

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

NEW MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

AMAZING

2.98

WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP!

IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT

BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC

OTM

FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP

DECORATES BOOK CASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorative end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY, C.O.D. you pay postage.** Remit with order, we pay postage.

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 2.98

NURS-A-DOLLY

COMPLETE NURSING KIT

- She drinks, she wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother — this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll fronts, and wets her diaper comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and bottle, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, lifelike WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY, C.O.D. you pay postage.** Remit with order, we pay postage!

Imagine Only \$2.98 Complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

HAPPY the COWBOY

HE'S OVER 19" TALL!

MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!

REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head — watch his lips move — hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties — at school! **SEND NO MONEY, C.O.D. you pay postage.** Remit with order, we pay postage.

Imagine Only \$2.98 Complete

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NOVELTY MART, Dept. AG-3
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Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage

☐ FISH-BOWL	\$2.98	☐ Ginger	\$3.98
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